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"THE LIONESS OF THE PIANO."

The first time I sent up my card to Mme. Carreño, at the Hotel Netherlands, I was informed that: "Madame is resting before the concert."

I tried again next day and found my reward in the announcement: that "Madame is resting after the concert."

My third visit discovered the fair pianist between rests; she was holding an informal reception in her pretty suite of rooms, overlooking Central Park.

I was welcomed with true Southern cordiality, and introduced to a string of twenty or thirty persons, whose names Mme. Carreño rattled off with most astonishing rapidity and correctness.

I caught "Mayer" and "MacDowell," and on looking about found that the names belonged to Mr. Ferdinand Mayer, of Knabe fame, and to Mrs. MacDowell, the statuesque mother of our favorite American composer.

The conversation went on. "Yes," resumed Mme. Carreño, "I enjoyed my trip immensely. Of course it is hard work and all that, but there is plenty of recreation, too—more than you think. My most exciting experience? I think that occurred in the far West, when our train was stalled in the snow, and I was due next day in San Francisco, where I was to give a recital. I asked the conductor when we should be out of the snow. 'In a few hours, perhaps; maybe not before a day—two days,' he replied. 'I must be in San Francisco in time for my concert; I don't care how I get there, but I must be there,' I made answer."

This was accompanied in the telling with such dramatic expression and gesture that one young gentleman ventured: "I'll bet you got there."

"Of course I did," said Mme. Carreño, laughing at the recollection. "I frightened the poor man half out of his wits. I told him that if I were delayed, Messrs. Chickering & Sons would sue his company for an incalculable amount of money. He consulted some of his colleagues, with the result that a single car was unhitched, and I was placed aboard and taken to San Francisco in triumph."

"I didn't think you could look so angry, Mme. Carreño," remarked a young Venezuelan lady; you are always kindness itself to your friends."

"Ah, my child, I can not only look angry, but I can also be angry."

"Impossible," asserted a tall, dark gentleman, with a graceful chivalry that, as clearly as his complexion, denoted his Latin origin.

"But it is possible," assured Mme. Carreño; "you would think so had you seen me a few days ago, after a concert, when the artists' room was filled with a crowd of people, and a woman came to congratulate me—a woman who years ago treated me shamefully, by writing anonymous letters about me to various members of the concert company with which we both were traveling. What did I do? When she bustled up to me, anxious to show all her townspeople who were there, how very familiar she was with me, and gushed, 'Oh, how do you do, Teresa; how have you been?' I regarded her with ingenuous surprise, and stammered politely: 'I beg pardon—but really—I fear that my memory—you know I meet so many persons——' 'Oh, but you must know me. Look well. I have changed much, you know.' 'Really,' I replied, 'I cannot see any change, for I do not know you. What do you do?' 'I sing; my name is So and So, and I was with the Such and Such concert company.' 'Oh, of course,' I said; 'now I remember; how do you do?'"

To see Mme. Carreño go through the pantomime of this meeting was to realize why she had earned the title of "the lioness of the piano."

"Of course it must be a great bore to meet so many persons—and all say the same things to you," somebody said.

"And I generally say the same things to them. One must, you know. How can I remember everybody. Often some perfectly charming persons hunt me up after a con-

cert and say such sweet and lovely things about my playing, and are really so glad to see me that I hate to ask: 'And who are you, pray?' I always fear to hurt their feelings, and so I am just as glad as they, and say so, but I am careful to avoid all topics that would lead me into a betrayal of my ignorance as to their identity. There are so many who have heard me when I was so high, and so high"—indicating with her hand—"and so high, and they all tell me so. It is lucky I can't grow any higher," she added, with a merry laugh.



MME. TERESA CARREÑO.

"I hope you don't believe with the poet that 'a favorite has no friend?' " asked some one.

"Ah, friends, friends," murmured Carreño; "children are my friends"—and her glance wandered towards her grand piano—"and my trusted Chickering is a friend."

LEONARD LIEBLING.

As MUSICAL AMERICA has faithfully chronicled from time to time, Mme. Carreño's Western tour this season has been one unbroken series of exceptional successes, and her criticisms everywhere rank with the most exalted ever received by any pianist from the American press.

This means a triumph not only for Mme. Carreño, but also for the Chickering piano, which has been such a conspicuous feature of her performances that it attracted the notice of most of the critics, and caused them to mention the fact in their notices.

For instance: The Cincinnati "Commercial-Tribune" says: "At no time in the concerto did the instrument, where the master had designed it to be so, lose its pre-eminence in the hands of its interpreter."

The San Francisco "Chronicle": "With a most feathery touch, Mme. Carreño gets a pure, bell-like pianissimo tone, and with clear-cut, forceful work she rings from the piano a forte which suggests a full orchestra."

Denver "Republican": "Carreño transforms the piano into an orchestra, so rich is the true coloring and the singing power of her touch."

Chicago "Journal": "In these duels with the orchestra, the dominance of the piano was indeed a triumph."

There are scores more of such notices, too numerous for limited space, but they one and all unite in similar

spontaneous tributes to the exceptional reproductory powers of the Chickering piano.

Not since the memorable recitals of Vladimir de Pachmann, some years ago, have the Chickerings had an ally like Mme. Carreño.

These two artists have demonstrated the extreme possibilities of the instrument they played, for De Pachmann is the master of miniature, of the most delicate tonal transmutations, while Carreño is the pianist of passion, whose intensity and vehemence are equaled by few men.

There are numerous recitals yet to take place, and two early appearances with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

It is safe to predict that these further appearances will resolve themselves into additional triumphs for Mme. Carreño and the Chickering piano.

Powell Success in Berlin.—A private cablegram to this office announces the great success of Maud Powell, the American violinist, at her concert in Berlin, Germany, on March 23.

Joseffy Recitals.—Rafael Joseffy, one of the greatest pianists of them all, announces a series of recitals to take place as follows: New Haven, April 3; Providence, April 5; Worcester, April 6; Boston, April 17; Philadelphia, April 19; Washington, April 20; and Baltimore, April 21. It is a pity, indeed, that New York is not to hear the peerless Rafael.

Paris Wanted Van Dyck.—M. Ernest Van Dyck last week received a cable from Lamoureux, of Paris, asking him to sing Tristan at the series of performances to be given in Paris during October and November. M. Van Dyck wired in reply that he was engaged by Mr. Grau for two years, and consequently he would have to decline the offer. He hopes to sing in Paris in 1900.

Tannhäuser in Boston.—On Tuesday evening the Grau Opera Company performed "Tannhäuser" in Boston. M. Van Dyck scored the success of the evening. A local critic wrote: "Mr. Van Dyck, in the title rôle, appeared for the first time in Boston under the disadvantage of a slight cold and some nervousness, as he said; but neither the cold nor the nervousness were apparent in his performance. He was well received, and at the end of the first act had scored enthusiastic recalls."

Silberfeld Success.—Little Bessie Silberfeld, the remarkably gifted pupil and protégée of Mr. Wm. N. Semnacher, of New York, recently assisted with three difficult piano solos at a concert of the Hoboken Quartet Club, and succeeded in carrying off the main honors of the evening. She received several encores and many compliments from the musicians present, on her technical finish and precocious confidence. Mr. Semnacher may well be proud of this product of his earnest work.

Liebling Concert.—Previous to her departure for Europe (April 11), where she will complete her vocal studies, Miss Estelle Liebling is to give a "Soirée Musicale" at the Hotel Majestic, New York, on April 5, under distinguished patronage, and with the assistance of eminent artists. An interesting programme has been arranged, including violin solos by Mr. Henri Ern, 'cello solos by Mr. Skalmer, lately returned from Paris, and an unpublished trio in one movement, by Leonard Liebling.

Hirsch in Boston.—Miss Fannie Hirsch, the popular New York soprano, will be heard in Boston on Easter Sunday, together with Mesdames Nordica and Baldwin, and Messrs. Whitney Mockridge and Hugo Heinz, in Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," to be given by the Händel and Hadyn Society. On April 11, Miss Hirsch will sing Schubert's "Omnipotence"—one of her best numbers—at a New York concert, and on April 17 she is booked for the same piece at Mount Vernon. Miss Hirsch is one of those absolutely reliable singers who are always successful.

LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, March 17, 1899.

Much interest has been felt here in the début of a young American pianist, Ernest Schelling, who played at the Crystal Palace last Saturday with immense success.

The newcomer is a native of New Jersey, and received his first instruction from his father. At four years and a half he made his bow to the public at a concert in Philadelphia, and during the next two years he was fêted as a wonder-child. Then, at seven, he came to Europe.

For three years the little Ernest studied with Mathias, the celebrated pupil of Chopin, in Paris; then for two years with Pruckner, at the Stuttgart Conservatoire; and, after that, he was for some time with Hans Huber in Basel.

A concert tour in Denmark, Germany and Switzerland intervened, followed by a course of study with Barth, at Berlin.

Then came a tour through Canada and the United States with Albani. Still the young musician was not satisfied with himself, and for the past year he has been working assiduously with Paderewski, who has sent him out equipped with introductions which should enable him to take the position which he undoubtedly deserves.

Ernest Schelling has much of the charm of his last master. He shows the same high seriousness of purpose and steadfast striving for perfection. Even now, while the English press is ringing with his praises, in an unison which is as unusual as it is flattering, and while the enthusiastic applause of a delighted public might pardonably intoxicate a much older head, his thoughts still turn to study and to the master whose wise counsels have proved so beneficial.

Schumann's Concerto was the pièce de résistance of the Crystal Palace concert, and very beautifully it was performed. To-morrow Mr. Schelling will play Beethoven's E flat concerto at Queen's Hall, and on the 25th he is to appear with the Joachim Quartet at St. James' in the Saturday Pop.

Miss Leonora Jackson is again in London, she and Ernst von Dohnanyi being the soloists at the last Philharmonic, where this brilliantly gifted young lady gave an unforgettable performance of Mendelssohn's violin concerto. Her rendering of the finale was perhaps not quite so bewitching as Burmester's; but how infinitely more tender was her playing of the exquisite slow movement!

At one of Mr. Wood's recent symphony concerts in Queen's Hall, all the English soloists were American—if I may be pardoned a bull, which will remind my readers that I am writing on St. Patrick's Day.

On that occasion Leonora Jackson was the solo violinist, and Ellen Beach Yaw the vocalist. It seems quite natural that that earthly paradise, Los Angeles, should have sent us this sweet and dainty maiden, and one thinks, as one listens to her singing, of Thomas Heywood's pretty compliment:

"Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters and keeps warm her note."

Mrs. Craigie, better known as John Oliver Hobbes, gave a very fine musical party lately, at which a special feature was the playing on two pianos of Miss Janotha and Lady Randolph Churchill. Lady Randolph is probably the most accomplished amateur pianist in London, and is a well-known figure at all the best concerts.

On Monday we shall have the hundredth performance of that capital play, "On and Off," at the Vaudeville, and the event will be celebrated by the advent of a new curtain-raiser, by H. Woodville, called "A Woman's Love."

The clever young American actress, Beverley Sitgreaves, has been engaged for the principal part, and every one is looking forward to meeting her again after her late triumphal tour through South Africa.

ELEANORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

Powers-Arnold Musicales.—The final Lenten musicale given on March 22 by Messrs. Powers and Arnold, at the Carnegie Lyceum, New York, ended a series that was delightful in selection and execution. It is to be hoped that these gentlemen will make their interesting entertainments an annual feature of New York's music-life.

Just What We Needed.—A new instrument has just been discovered in a Mexican church. It is believed to date from the fifteenth century. Practically, it is a primitive form of the oboe, but the curious feature of this weapon of sound is that it is covered with extraordinary symbolic paintings in the most vivid colors. Its tone and timbre are reported to be wonderful.

Plea for Poor Students.—William H. Sherwood, who ranks high among American pianists, and is one of the most important musicians now living in Chicago, writes to one of the newspapers of that city about music study in America. He urges rich men to establish a fund for the musical education of poor, but talented young students, the teaching to be imparted in this country.

"HIAWATHA'S WEDDING FEAST."

First Presentation in America of Taylor's New Cantata.

For many years the English people have shown a sincere devotion to the works and life of the American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The bust of Longfellow placed in Westminster Abbey, near one of Chaucer, is a mark of British love and esteem of the memory of the New England poet.

Within the past year the musical columns of the English newspapers have published flattering notices of a new cantata, "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," by the English composer, S. Coleridge Taylor, with the text taken from Longfellow's poem, "Hiawatha."

The work was sung in this country for the first time on Thursday evening of last week by the Temple choir, and Evan Williams as soloist. The concert was given at the Baptist Temple, corner Schermerhorn street and Third avenue, Brooklyn, under the able direction of Dr. Edward Norris Bowman, the organist and choirmaster of the Temple and founder of the choir, numbering nearly 200 voices. An orchestra composed of professionals and a number of capable amateurs assisted in the presentation.

Mr. Taylor's work has the spontaneity that is always agreeable in vocal music. The score abounds in the fascinating Indian melodies, and these have been skilfully harmonized. The orchestration is excellent. But after hearing the orchestral works on Indian themes by Alexander MacDowell and August Walther, a Brooklyn composer, I cannot find anything strikingly original in the themes elaborated by Mr. Taylor. He has, however, written a score that admirably suits the words of Longfellow's poem.

Mr. Williams, the soloist of the evening, sang with considerable warmth, but with occasional hastiness that indicated a reckless use of a fine voice.

The choir, especially the sopranos and altos, sang beautifully. But the miserable acoustics of the Temple, a large building, with a low, flat ceiling, prevented the conductor from getting the best effects.

EMMA TRAPPER.

GARCIA'S INTERESTING CAREER.

Manuel Garcia celebrated the beginning of his ninety-fifth year two weeks ago in London. He is still in good health. What so long a life implies may partly be judged by the facts that Garcia had to leave his native Spain during the Peninsular war, owing to the advance of Wellington upon Badajoz; that the veteran himself is a contemporary of Beethoven and Schubert, and that he was actually singing on the operatic stage as a baritone when Gounod, Verdi and Wagner were boys at school. Furthermore, it is close upon seventy-four years since Manuel Garcia sang Figaro to the Almaviva of his father and the Rosina of his sister Malibran at the first performance of Rossini's "Il Barbiere" ever given in New York. The commercial capital of America, then a town of 166,000 inhabitants, did not appreciate opera as it now does, and as there were sometimes only thirty people in pit and stalls combined, Malibran was sent back to Europe.

Gadski for London.—Mme. Gadski has been definitely engaged by Manager Grau for his forthcoming season of opera at Covent Garden, London. She will make her début on May 13 or 15 as Elizabeth in "Tannhäuser."

Bigoted Bridgeport.—Miss Florence Klein, a leading soprano of Bridgeport, Conn., lost her position in the Park Street Congregational Church, because "she is too dramatic when singing, and tosses her head too much."

Andrews Recital.—The fourth and last of Mr. J. Warren Andrews' Lenten organ-recitals took place last week at the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York. Mr. Andrews played with his accustomed mastery of registration and pedaling, and interested a very large and representative audience. The vocal soloists were Messrs. William Russell Squire and Oley Speaks.

VICTOR HERBERT IN GERMANY.

They take everything with such ridiculous seriousness in Germany, even a comic opera. It is a fact that during the last ten years the Fatherland has been neither very fertile nor fortunate in this particular kind of music, hence German managers are eagerly looking for the American annual crop of comic opera. And, as they are generally credited with knowing a good thing when they see it, it is not surprising that they now and then introduce an American piece to their German audiences.

This is all the more natural, as there are no troublesome formalities to be observed and no duties to be paid on the import of American music into Germany. Even the great Agrarian party has not yet found this article to be particularly dangerous, and so has neglected to demand a prohibitive tariff on foreign light operas. It is apparent that the Teutons so far consider the American hog as much more detrimental to their home production than the American comic opera. However, the German public differs from the German managers, inasmuch as it has persistently refused to relish any of the American operatic cocktails. There is no sense in them, they say. What do you think of that, Mr. Harry B. Smith?

Here in this country the comic opera manufacturers can only hope to make a hit when they succeed in accumulating an overwhelming amount of nonsense. And now these ever-serious Teutons ask for sense—sense in a comic opera!

A few weeks ago Victor Herbert's "Wizard of the Nile" was produced in Munich; of course, in a German translation. The "Münchener Allgemeine," a newspaper of high standing and old fame, thought the event worthy of a very elaborate criticism. Although this criticism is signed "Sep," it makes one think of Krehbiel. The critic takes it for granted that the "Wizard of the Nile" was intended as a burlesque on Verdi's "Aida," and so he tries to point out that the authors unfortunately have failed to accomplish the deed. The book, he remarks, is not at all cleverly made, and its jokes are coarse. He admits, however, that the character of Cleopatra is well drawn.

After reciting the story of the book in detail, he turns toward the music, starting with the following remarkable assertion: "The composer," he says, "has made use of Verdi's music more in an imitative than in an ironical way. There are pretty melodies, but they are moulded rather after the original without succeeding in making fun of them."

Well, Victor Herbert himself will doubtless be more surprised and amused when he reads this criticism than anybody else can imagine. And he will say unto himself: "Victor, you have been found out in Germany."

Besides, the critic of the "Münchener Allgemeine" deserves to be complimented on his knowledge of Verdi's "Aida."

Patti Sings in Rome.—Patti sang at the Santa Cecilia, in Rome recently, for the benefit of the Educatorio Ruspoli. Her voice is said to be as fresh as ever. When she came forward to sing a duet with the famous Cotogni, who is sixty-eight years of age, an old Wagnerian present murmured, loudly enough to be heard by his neighbors, "Why, it is the twilight of the gods!"

Female Band Leader.—Miss Nellie Miles, of Lynn, Mass., a cousin of Gen. Miles, says the Iowa State Register, "is to tour the country leading a military band composed of thirty men. This young woman comes from a family noted for its musical talent. Her grandfather, Charles Cook, was an expert clarinetist, and played for several years in the Queen's Grenadier Guards Band. Her mother was a graduate of several of the finest musical academies in England. Miss Miles is also a cousin of Sir Robert Winn, the celebrated English artist, who was knighted by Queen Victoria. Miss Miles' experience as a musician has been a varied one, she having toured the United States and Canada several seasons. During 1883 she traveled with the Kumpa Ladies' Orchestra of Dresden, Saxony, and was the only English-speaking member of that famous organization."

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BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The fifth and last evening concert of their series for this season was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at Carnegie Hall, last Saturday evening.

The entire interest centred in the soloist, Mme. Teresa Carreño, who played Prof. MacDowell's effective second concerto for piano. At the Friday afternoon concert the same pianist performed Tschaikowsky's B flat minor concerto, that monumental epic which is heard much too seldom in New York's concert rooms.

Mme. Carreño has changed neither in looks, manner nor accomplishments since her former visits to New York. Her masculine style, encompassing technique and glowing temperament still form a combination that sweeps everything before it. The variety of her musical moods is perfectly remarkable, and one can hardly stop wondering at the versatility that allows Mme. Carreño to thunder so imposingly through the first movement of the Tschaikowsky work, and then to trifle so charmingly with the fascinating scherzo from MacDowell's concerto.

Musical writers seem to delight in giving Mme. Carreño all sorts of absurd titles, such as "Female Paderewski," "Lioness of the Pianoforte," "Female Rubinstein," "Brünnhilde of the Keyboard," etc. She is none of these; she is—Carreño, and that is the highest compliment of all.

There is no other female pianist to-day so exceptionally gifted as Mme. Carreño; certainly none who can play the Tschaikowsky concerto as she did last Friday.

Messrs. Chickering & Sons could not have secured for the exposition of their instrument a pianist more capable than Mme. Carreño of revealing all its tonal and dynamic possibilities.

S. T. E.

SEIDL TESTIMONIAL.

On Thursday of last week, the much-advertised and anxiously expected Seidl testimonial performance took place at the Metropolitan Opera House.

It was an unequivocal success, for a very large and fashionable audience attended, the best artists of Mr. Grau's operatic troupe assisted, and \$16,508 was realized for the worthy object.

A Wagner programme had been selected as the one most appropriate to the occasion, for through the medium of Wagner's works Seidl had won his popularity in this country.

The programme opened with the first act of "Lohengrin," the participants being Mme. Nordica, Mme. Brema, M. Jean de Reszke, M. Albers, Herr Mühlmann and Mr. Pringle.

Then came the third act of "Die Walküre," with Mme. Brema, Mme. Lehmann and Meynheer Van Rooy.

A novelty was the second scene of the third act of "Die Meistersinger," with Mme. Sembrich as Eva, Mme. Meisslinger as Maddelena, Herr Dippel as Walther, M. Bars as David, and M. Edouard de Reszke as Hans Sachs.

Mme. Sembrich was the most charming Eva New York has seen, and it is to be hoped that on some future occasion we shall see her in the complete part.

The performance concluded with part of the third act of "Die Götterdämmerung," sung by Mmes. Lehmann and Pevny and M. Pringle, in the rôles of Brünnhilde, Guttrune and Hagen.

All the singers worked with unusual enthusiasm, and the audience fully appreciated their efforts, rewarding the artists with warm applause and frequent curtain calls.

The proceeds of the performance will be invested in such a way that Seidl's widow will enjoy the income for life. The principal will go for the foundation of a scholarship for music-study in Columbia University.

Virile Verdi.—Verdi has left Milan for Genoa, where he intends to stay till the spring. The famous master is said to be in the best of health, both mental and physical. Long may he so remain!

Prison Guild Concert.—On March 22 a concert was given at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, for the benefit of the Prison Guild Fund. The artists who kindly lent their assistance, and rendered the affair an artistic and financial success, were Mme. Marie Brema, Mrs. Stella Hadden-Alexander and Mr. Franz Kaltenborn.

St. Louis Concert.—The ninth concert this season of the St. Louis Choral Symphony Society was held on March 9, Mrs. Rita Lorton Schmidt, soprano, being the soloist. Of her excellent work on this occasion the "Globe-Democrat" says: "The soloist for the evening was Mrs. Rita Lorton Schmidt, a Nebraska girl, who went to Europe with Mrs. Katharine Fisk, studied in London and Paris, came back to this country about a year ago, sang in a number of concerts and at the National Congress of Musicians, held in Omaha last Summer, and achieved for herself an enviable reputation. Her voice is a light, lyric soprano of musical quality and very moderate power. Its sweetness is its chief characteristic. Her singing is a revelation of artistic perfection."

AN INTERESTING ENTERTAINMENT.

A rather unusual and interesting church entertainment was given at the Seventh Street Methodist Church, New York, on the evening of March 27, in which the marvelous Cineograph and Dioramic Scenes occupied an important part, throwing a number of moving pictures on the screen, to the amusement of the audience.



WILLIAM LAVINE.

William Lavine, the young American baritone, with a full, rich voice, sang a number of ballads in a most impressive manner. Two war songs, "At the Sound of the Sunset Gun" and "By the Camp Fire Idly Dreaming," illustrated in colors by the Cineograph, made a decided hit, and evidently stirred the patriotism of the audience deeply.

The programme opened with a performance on the piano, by Mr. Emile Huber, of Boccherini's "Minuet," Wilson's "Night on the Water" and Karganoff's "Tarentelle," all three of which were rendered in an acceptable manner. The Cineograph was next put in motion and depicted several moving pictures in lifelike and perfect fashion.

Mr. Lavine then proved his versatility by singing Faure's well-known "Palms." His rendition was very creditable. He received well-earned applause. After a number of very interesting stationary views were shown came the principal event of the evening. The well-known military song, "At the Sound of the Sunset Gun," was sung by Mr. Lavine in very sympathetic style, and was illustrated by battle scenes. This number received great applause, and seemed to touch the hearts of all present.

Mr. Lavine is to be congratulated not only on his mechanical ingenuity, as expounded by his Cineograph, but also on his possession of a fine baritone voice.

J. H. C.

Calvé Better.—A New York friend of Mme. Calvé has received a letter from the prima donna, in which she writes that she has been in Morocco, and that the balmy air has done her much good. She was very ill when she went there. But the rest has benefited her greatly, and now she feels as well as ever. She adds that she is pleasantly anticipating her reappearances at the Metropolitan Opera House and Covent Garden.

Sullivan Musicales.—Mr. Wm. M. Sullivan gave a song-recital at the Knapp Mansion, in Brooklyn, on March 23, assisted by Mrs. Beatrice Fine, soprano; Hubert Arnold, violin, and Mme. Flavie Van den Hende, cello. Although Mr. Sullivan reserved for himself the greater portion of the programme, the assisting artists were allowed some slight opportunity, of which they made the most. The conspicuous success of the evening was undoubtedly achieved by Mrs. Fine, who sang the "Jewel aria" from "Faust," with a wealth of temperament, color, and flawless execution. She received a tumultuous encore. A fashionable audience attended.

Olmstead Recital.—The song-recital by the pupils of R. E. Olmstead took place at Assembly Hall, Fifth avenue and Twentieth street, New York, on March 22. A large audience filled the spacious hall. The prologue from "I Pagliacci" was given very acceptably by Mr. Louis F. Levy. Mrs. Allaire, in her performance of Brahms' "Sapphic Ode," showed rare flexibility of voice and unusual quality in the lower registers. What proved to be the event of the evening was the singing of Miss Virginia G. Miller. She possesses a ringing soprano voice, with a splendid range; a confident stage presence, and a considerable amount of inborn taste, which many singers never acquire. Miss Miller should have an enviable future.

Kansas City Undecided.—There is some talk of a music-festival to be held in Kansas City in April, but as yet nothing definite has been settled upon.

Jonas in Cincinnati.—Alberto Jonas, the well-known Ann Arbor pianist, recently gave a successful recital in Cincinnati, under the auspices of the Ladies' Musical Club.

Æolian Concert.—The third season of Æolian Recitals, held on Saturdays at the handsome New York music-room of the Æolian Co., No. 18 West Twenty-third street, has offered some very interesting programmes, one of the best being that of March 25, when the talented young violinist, Miss Rossi Gisch, was the soloist. The recitals have for their object the demonstration of the Æolian pipe-organs, the Æolian orchestrelles, the Æolian grands and the marvelous "Pianola." It is quite amazing to see how these instruments accompany soloists—in many cases better than a real, live pianist.

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WOMEN AS ORGANISTS.

Of all the senseless prejudices that church officials are heir to, that against women as organists seems in the mind of the writer to be about the chief.

Among the candidates for every vacancy that occurs on an organ bench at the present day will be found a number of women.

Sometimes they obtain a hearing, more often not. Frequently they are told point blank that their sex bars them from the competition. If not, they are endured through an examination and then simply forgotten.

What is the cause of this prejudice, the existence of which no one with his eyes open can deny? Considering the popularity of the singers of the "same persuasion," in the minds of church officials, it cannot be laid to an inherent dislike of the sex as a class. Any one who has heard a good performer in skirts, of which there are not a few at this period, will ridicule any suggestion of the oft-repeated insinuation of pedal incompetency. We are weary of the everlasting reiteration on the part of some of the best (?) men of the profession to this effect. To these same men, who never, be it said, fail to accept a woman pupil or to encourage her in the highest of aspirations, can be traced, we fear, the root of the trouble.

Now, a few affirmations may not be out of order. A capable woman is, in nine out of ten cases, possessed of these qualities:

1. A comprehensive mind.
2. Technical facility.
3. Æsthetic discrimination.
4. Tact.
5. Tenacity of purpose.
6. Untiring industry.

If, then, she be educated as well as her male competitor (and she is, generally, if not better), and possesses the equipment outlined in a previous article, why should she not be admitted to the acknowledged rank of the men?

What does history prove of her prowess in other lines? Has she not won fame as novelist and poet? Has she not won her way to the bar of public justice? Has she not even, in the latest phase of her classification, been adjudged amenable to the extreme penalty of the law?

There are a few things, brother organists, which we must admit: She is, on the whole, less of a politician, and has more sense of honor in her composition, than the most of us. She would not think of stooping to many of the petty meannesses, the practice of which has been referred to all too grudgingly in some of the previous reflections of this column. She can battle, if needs be, with such strength of right as to shame many of us.

But in the present condition of affairs in our field, unless she be of heroic mould, mentally (and how many of the men are, by the way?) and morally, she soon perceives her handicap, and does not pursue her studies to that consummation which the man does, for the simple reason that she cannot obtain the financial encouragement the minor positions afford a student.

Our standard must needs be high, though, if we are to elude her pursuit much longer. She is beginning to see things as they are, and to co-operate in a much more practical way than we, perhaps, will allow. The women's musical clubs of this country are fostering her, together with women pianists, singers and composers; and the day will come when some brave woman organist will appear with a foreign reputation that shall dazzle the eyes of our society fadists, and take her place in the same artistic rank with the Carreños, Lady Hallés and Schumann-Heinks of to-day.

Who, think you, has been the greater financial attraction, a "Patti" or a "De Reszke," a "Calvé" or a "Fischer?" At the most, is not the one equal to the other?

If all women were content to stay at home and be our wives and home-makers, the case would be different; but the minute we accept her pupilage we admit her to what have heretofore been considered our prerogatives.

How much wiser were we to take her by the hand, extend to her the helping agencies at our command, when better or worse than a male rival, tell her so frankly and show her the true requisites of such a calling. Do you think she would forget the courtesy or abuse the privilege? Not within one tithe of the time that a male competitor would!

Remember, brethren, church music is an art of the

highest civilization. Woman is civilization epitomized. Deny it if you please, but refute it if you can.

The best in music, the best results of music will only ensue when woman has her highest place in it. The church that has an able woman as organist and choir director is soon apt to have a consistent devotional musical service.

And pastors and gentlemen of the music committee, if your present incumbent ridicules the idea of women in such places, ask him if he has any women as pupils. Ask him how they rank in his classes. And if faced with the problem as to who is the better candidate for your position, a woman or a business man, allowing, of course, a fair judgment as to their relative executive abilities, depend upon it you can make no error in choosing the woman. And you will be establishing a precedent that will influence the churches around you to the future welfare of all concerned.

While the hope of a brother organist's calling the attention of those within his influence to this article is hardly entertained by the scribe, it may be that some of the official bodies concerned, having stumbled across a previous essay, may likewise happen on this, and give it their undivided and serious consideration; for it is to them only, we fear, that we may hope to look for the righting of a time-honored wrong.

VOX ORGANI.

"LAST MATINEE" AUDIENCES.

The "last matinée" of grand opera for the season of '98-'99 in New York City was over, and the vast audience in the Metropolitan Opera House was slowly making its way to the street, when a representative of MUSICAL AMERICA met Commissioner Jacob Hess in the lobby. He had only arrived in time for the last act, and was awaiting the appearance of his wife and some friends who had enjoyed the entire opera seated well down toward the front of the parquette, and were consequently delayed in reaching the foyer. Commissioner Hess is one of the veteran opera-goers and first-nighters of the metropolis.

"Great house," he remarked thoughtfully, and then after a moment or two, as he watched the passing crowd, mostly women, with here and there a man, he continued: "Same sort of an audience as I have seen at 'last matinées' for many years; but they seem to have lost much of the enthusiasm which used to be displayed in saying adieux to the singers."

"Why, there were curtain calls and encores," replied the writer.

"That is a fact, and Eames, Saléza and Plançon evidently have learned that a small amount of applause, that is, as to volume, represents the praise of many owners of tiny feminine gloved hands."

"I don't quite understand; the applause seemed sufficient to warrant the response to the calls."

"You're right, but it used to be different, and not so many years ago at that. The 'last matinée' to-day was 'Faust,' wasn't it? Yes,—well, I remember a 'last matinée' when 'Faust' was the opera at the Academy of Music, with Campanini as Faust, Minnie Hauk as Marguerite, and Navarro as Mephisto, at the end of which an audience of much lesser magnitude than is here to-day, and which was made up mostly of women, made noise enough to be heard almost to Broadway. And their hands were just as daintily gloved affairs as those which applauded here to-day; but their owners did not rely on patting to produce noise. Anticipating the 'last matinée' adieux for their favorites, a majority of these maids and matrons provided themselves with canes borrowed for the occasion from brothers, fathers or sweethearts. In many instances the footmen acted as cane-bearers as far as the theatre, but in the majority of cases the women carried the canes themselves and seemed proud of them."

"When the curtain was down on the last act the canes were put into use, and the pounding on the floor, with the bravos, which seemed scarce this afternoon, reminded one of a good, healthy battle. And after it was all over the fair admirers of the famous singers carried their canes home in triumph, so to speak; and I have often heard men who did not follow the opera season closely say that the sight of knots of pretty girls on the streets near the Academy carrying canes reminded them that it was last matinée day."

"I do not believe that the fair patrons of the 'last matinée' to-day are any less enthusiastic at heart than they were years ago, but—you'll pardon me, please, here are my fair charges—without their canes—good afternoon."

And he was gone.

HAL HOMISTON.

Schiller in Boston.—Besides her recitals in New York, April 6 and 20, Mme. Madeline Schiller will make two appearances in Boston, April 11 and 25.

Oratorio Concert.—Last Saturday the Oratorio Society gave a performance of Berlioz' "Requiem," at Carnegie Hall, New York. Mr. Frank Damrosch conducted and M. Salignac, of the Grau Opera Company, was the capable soloist.

Opera Statistics.—The regular subscription season at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, began November 29 and ended March 24. Sixty-eight performances were given. In addition there were seventeen Saturday evening "popular" representations, six performances in Brooklyn, three benefit performances and twelve extra Wagner representations—a total of one hundred and five. Forty of these were of Wagner's operas. In the order of popularity, as evidenced by the number of performances given their works, the other composers stand as follows: Gounod, 19; Verdi, 11; Meyerbeer, 9; Mozart, 8; Rossini, 6; Bizet and Donizetti, 3 each; Flotow and Mancinelli, 2 each, and Mascagni and Massenet, 1 each.

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DEAR MUSICAL AMERICA:

An enterprising daily paper recently interviewed Mr. David Bispham, the baritone of the Grau Opera Company, on the question, "What I most admire in women?"

Mr. Bispham answered that "spirituality and a little religion" about expressed his view of the case.

This reminds me of the story of the old lady who, being asked how she would like to get spirituality, promptly replied: "Hot, if you please, with two pieces of sugar."

At the conclusion of his interview, Mr. Bispham was careful to say: "These are my ideas to-day. I may have a different set to-morrow."

This would suggest that the noted singer is a kind of amorous chameleon, who takes on mental color according to his feminine surroundings.

However, if Bispham has an unlimited affection for the fair sex, he is a very lion of aggressiveness towards his own.

They say that a few days ago he had a very serious misunderstanding with Henry Wolfsohn, the manager, and biffed him in the eye.

Bispham must have been thinking of the story Artemus Ward used to tell in connection with his wax-work show of the Twelve Apostles, how, after the lecture, a "cowboy" plugged Judas Iscariot in the eye, "observin' thet such a darn' cuss oughtn't to live!"

The "Herald" says: "Look out for a pretty girl with a music roll! She is probably a bill-collector."

Since the chaperon was abolished in New York middle-class society, a music-roll has had to do duty in her place.

For a year or so every flirt or cocotte has carried a music-roll as a sign of virtue and innocence.

As Max Nordau says: "This is a very degenerate age!"

Georges F. Joubert, a distinguished French inventor, is credited with a discovery by which foul air can be restored to purity with little trouble and small expense.

The invention was made in connection with the new submarine boats now being built by the French Navy.

Lockroy, the French Minister of Marine, vouches for the value of the invention.

What a boon it will be for those who go to churches, theatres, opera houses.

Have you ever noticed how foul the air gets, even in our most noted places of public resort?

Did you ever try to hang a picture in your own home after the gas was lit? Did you notice how bad and hot the air is near the ceiling?

The problem of proper ventilation, of providing us with good air, even in our sleeping rooms, has not yet begun to be solved.

Did you ever think what a creator of disease, bad temper and bad thoughts impure air is?

Ask some of the scientists!

Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, has made a great stir by demanding that the New Orleans French Opera Co., about to sing in his city, drop from its repertoire "La jour et la nuit," "Mam'selle Nitouche," "Boccaccio," "Le Grand Mogul," "La Poupée," and other pieces to which he objects.

It seems the Archbishop represented quite a numerous body of his people.

The manager of the opera company has decided to defer to the Archbishop.

A great deal can be said on both sides of this question.

Where a work, be it an opera or a play, or a book or a picture, relies on its meretriciousness for its power to at-

tract, it is bad and unwholesome, and the Church is justified in denouncing it.

On the other hand, if nothing but what is good or pure is to be presented on the stage, in art or in literature, then we come right down to the views of the purist, who wishes to see life depicted as he thinks it ought to be, and not as it really is.

My own opinion is that it all depends on the manner of treatment.

You remember Hamlet's advice to the players:

"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

When this is done, there is no harm.

The great wrong is done when vice is made attractive or is glossed over with hilarity.

One thing is certain, namely, that the attitude of Archbishop Bruchesi in condemning certain pieces is far more wise, as well as just, than the attitude of those of the clergy who condemn all performances as evil and corrupting.

The estimate of \$800,000.00 as the receipts of the Grau Opera Company for the season just ended, by no means gives the amount the public paid for seats.

The speculators are said to have cleared over \$100,000, or an average of not quite \$900.00 per performance.

Then there are the sums paid for separate concerts, recitals, private soirées to be counted.

A fair estimate would therefore be about one million for opera and operatic artists in New York alone.

The expenses were from \$700,000 to \$750,000, leaving \$250,000 profit. Of this the speculators got \$100,000, the lion's share. Grau made about \$70,000 to \$75,000, and the opera syndicate cleared about as much.

The principal artists received very large sums.

Jean de Reszke sang twenty-nine times, and received \$63,800. Adding his Boston and Pittsburg season, it is safe to say he will take home about \$70,000, after paying all expenses.

Edouard de Reszke sang forty-seven times, and received about \$28,000.

Van Dyck sang only seventeen times, and received nearly \$30,000.

Saléza sang sixteen times, and got \$10,000.

Dippel sang fifteen times and got \$8,000.

Maurel made \$6,000 for twelve performances.

Albers and Bispham received \$300 for each performance.

Albers sang twenty times and Bispham twenty-five.

Van Rooy made about \$12,000 for nineteen performances. Plançon made about as much for thirty performances.

Among the ladies, Mme. Sembrich leads with \$28,800 for twenty-one performances, her fee being \$1,200 for every time she sang.

Next comes Mme. Lili Lehmann, with about \$26,000 for twenty-one performances.

Nordica sang thirty-one times. She was the hardest-worked of all the singers, and received about \$25,000.

Emma Eames sang twenty-five times and got \$15,000.

Mme. Brema sang twenty times and got \$10,000.

Mesdames Engle, Saville and Mantelli received \$4,000 each.

Suzanne Adams receives \$800 a month; so her New York season of a little over four months will give her about \$3,500.

Melba sang three times for \$3,600, and De Lussan four times for \$2,000.

Schumann-Heink had a contract for \$1,000 a month for twelve performances. After her great success Grau made a much more liberal contract with her.

The average cost of each performance was about \$5,500, of which a considerable part went to the orchestra.

These figures will show why Grau cannot spend much money on the ensemble, on scenery, costumes. Also why he has no money with which to produce a new opera.

And it will continue thus until the principal singers demand less money, and the public is satisfied with fewer stars.

JOHN C. FREUND.

Popular Director.—Mr. Max Gabriel, for many years identified with Koster & Bial's, is now the musical director at the Bijou Theatre, New York.

"IT IS TO LAUGH."

The benefit given in the Carnegie Lyceum, New York, last Saturday evening, in aid of a destitute family, was very interesting and amusing, it being a conglomeration of song-recital, grand opera and circus. By far the best of the performance was the circus part of it, which consisted of "stunts" by "Hassan Ben Ali's Marvelous Too-zoonin Arabian Troupe."

The orchestra was conducted by Sig. B. V. Giannini, and from the wonderful manner in which he fulfilled his part of the programme, it was hard to tell whether he was imitating a flail, or whether he was one of the Arabian troupe rehearsing his part. It would certainly have made Sig. Mancinelli turn green with envy could he have seen the operas which he has conducted for years done to death by Sig. Giannini.

The first number on the programme was a selection of Verdi's "Forza de Destino," sung by Miss L. Rosemburg rather impassively, but nevertheless bearably. Miss B. Sowards and Mlle. A. D'Almas' performance of an aria from Verdi's "Don Carlos" and one from Mozart's "Magic Flute" excited some mirth.

After a wait of fifteen minutes, the curtain went up on what proved to be one of the most curious performances ever given of Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana." It is a question whether Mascagni would have recognized his opera had he been present. Miss A. Williams, though crude in gesture, sang least badly of the lot; while Miss B. Sowards, as Lola, performed a few "presto-change" movements, and disappeared into the church, which looked much like an election booth. Sig. L. Sabatelli was Turiddu, and also stage manager, prompter, call-boy, director and machinist.

By far the most original "artist" was Miss L. Rosemburg, whose performance of Lucia, the mother of Alfio, set the entire audience tittering. It certainly did look rather ridiculous to see a woman with the face of a young girl called "mother" by a man who looked old enough to be her father.

The third act of Gounod's "Faust" followed, and was even more of a farce than the one-act opera.

The orchestra, consisting of from three and a half to four men, including the piano, seemed to think itself slighted by the attention given to the antics on the stage, and in order to make itself felt, the bass-violin grunted with passionate fervor, the flute shrieked with hysterical glee and the violin wailed beseechingly.

The Too-zoonin Arabs attracted a great deal of attention by their wonderful feats, and received genuine applause.

Thus ended what was without doubt the most unique and amusing entertainment that I have ever seen. It could honestly be called a "screaming" success. J. H. C.

Star Cast System.—A Philadelphia paper says very truly and humorously: "Nothing is more detrimental to an opera season than intermittent star casts; they attract the once-a-year opera-goer, the one-fingered pianist, the noisy devotees of the cigar-box prima donna, the gossips who talk glibly of Melba and Eems and Jeen des Risky, the textbook musician, and all the other excrescences on the musical body, to the discomfort and annoyance of people who go to listen to the music."

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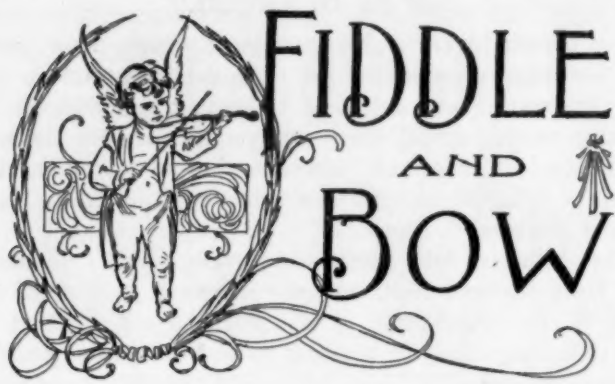
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SECOND TOUR, 1898-99: The New York Ladies' Trio, and Lilian Carllsmith, Contralto.



That portion of the musical world which interests itself particularly in fiddles and fiddlers is agitating itself over the question of the propriety, nay, the advisability, of impressing upon the feminine sex the thousand and one reasons why girls should make a special study of the king of musical instruments. And among many writers who are eager to publish their opinions and emotions on this subject, we even find apologists who seem to feel that old-time prejudices on this subject still exist, and that it is necessary to exhort talented girls to forget the principles of their Puritan forefathers, and arouse their slumbering ambitions by elucidating the noble sphere of usefulness to which they may put themselves.

Talented girls, or those who have aspirations to excel in the world of fiddlers, hardly require the painfully passionate utterances of Dr. Haweis and his imitators to urge them to adopt the fiddle as their mission in life. In these end-of-the-century days, when women promptly announce themselves as candidates for almost any political office, when they unhesitatingly join the ranks of the perambulating "sandwich" man, or display their mental and muscular qualifications in the manipulation of a modern elevator, it seems strange that time and thought should be expended in proving the blamelessness of those girls who have musical and instrumental gifts, and prefer the use of rosin to rouge.

Talented girls have long since demonstrated that they are capable of ranking high among the fiddlers. They have energy and tenacity of purpose to a surprising degree. Five hours of daily digital labor has for them no terrors. They have physical endurance far in excess of many a talented man; and, a very important consideration, their enthusiasm is not dampened by the numerous serious problems that confront them during the most trying and disheartening period of studentship.

Even the 'cello, a seemingly unwieldy and unfeminine instrument, has found enthusiastic advocates among modern women. Here, too, they have not been found wanting in physical strength and endurance, astonishing though it may be to the many who are familiar with the severe de-



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The fiddler-girl has come to stay. She is peculiarly qualified to shine in the musical world. No sane person questions the wisdom or propriety of her vocation. Her possibilities are undoubtedly of a high order. Everywhere her abilities will give pleasure and win for her distinction. The future alone can decide whether she is capable of scaling those heights from which men have electrified the music-loving world.

* * *

Every little while one hears of some lucky devil who has "run across" a \$5,000 Stradivarius, which he procured for any ridiculously small sum which a reporter's wild imagination can manufacture for the occasion. In musty old rooms, in damp, forsaken cellars, in high, creaky garrets laden with cobwebs and useless lumber, we now find the most exquisite specimens of the old Italian masters' art! And we are led to believe that the pawn shop is a particularly profitable place to visit if one is in search of a genuine Cremona instrument. All of which is equally untrue and absurd. The modern pawnbroker, though he may have no practical knowledge of Italian fiddles, and may have never heard of such men as Stradivarius and Guarnerius, is keenly alive to the commercial value of old fiddles. He sees a "genuine Strad" in every battered-up, machine-made instrument that enters his shop. But it rarely happens that he comes into possession of a genuine Italian instrument. Leastwise, not nowadays. I have heard of a fiddle dealer (one of the shrewdest and ablest men in the business) who unearthed a fine Stradivarius 'cello in an old workshop in Boston. And in former days it certainly was possible to obtain fine old instruments in most out-of-the-way places and for ridiculously small sums. But since certain notorious cases have been the means of acquainting the world in general with the great value of Cremona fiddles, the most unlikely thing that could happen to any one would be to find one in a pawn shop. Still, there are many Strads in existence; and you or I may yet discover one under the seat of a street car.

GEORGE LEHMANN.

Albani's Name.—In a long and interesting article on Mme. Albani, printed in the "Musical Times," it is stated that her stage name was not assumed by Miss Lajeunesse in consequence of the kindness she experienced in Albany, but in consequence of the declaration of her teacher at Milan that she could not appear on the Italian stage under her own name. He had never heard of Albany, N. Y., but chose her stage name in memory of an old Italian family.

Opera an Education.—At a girls' boarding-school in New York, a number of the pupils have been taking a regular course of grand opera at the Metropolitan every Saturday afternoon. Last week an examination was held, and the girls were ordered to write a criticism of the season's work. They had to write out the answers to twenty questions, to begin with. The first question asked was, "Who is your favorite soprano?" and the youngest girl in the class has covered herself with everlasting glory by replying "Pol Plançon." This was the same youngster who later on, in answer to another question, elected Lilli Lehmann to the position of first bass.

MUSIC AND LAW AGAIN.

Some weeks ago Alma Powell, the well-known New York soprano, who is studying law at the University of New York, contributed an article to this paper, discussing the advantages of law study to music students. The article was quoted extensively all over the country, and Mrs. Powell received many deserved compliments. The Detroit "Free Press" also agrees with Mrs. Powell's views, but adds a striking amendment that should furnish composers with food for serious reflection. It says: "One advantage of the study Mrs. Powell has overlooked; there is a great and unexplored field here for the young and ambitious composer. Think of the fame awaiting the musician who shall set Blackstone to music for chorus, and create a song cycle based on excerpts from Howell's statutes!"

Boon to Humanity.—"I'll make a fortune out of my new music box. You put a penny in the slot, and—"

"And the things plays a popular air?"

"No. It stops playing one."

Lincoln Lecture.—At a recent concert of the Lincoln (Neb.) School of Music, Mr. Henry Eames gave his lecture recital on Russian music, which was well attended, despite the dramatic and social attractions in other places. The programme was the one given before the Matinee Musicale a short time ago, and was heard with much interest.

Los Angeles Conductor.—Of Mr. Harley Hamilton, conductor of the orchestra that has been giving a series of very successful concerts in Los Angeles this winter, the "Express" says: "Mr. Hamilton is a born conductor, and a score of years ago was a pupil of Bernhard Listemann, then concert master of the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra. He is a musician of broad culture, a pupil of the well-known violinists, Mollenhauer and Sauret, and of Carl C. Müller and Sig. Simonetti. In harmony and composition not only has he proven himself a successful teacher, but in his great desire to see Los Angeles an artistic musical centre, he has undertaken some very ambitious work. The first season of orchestra concerts was begun without promise of financial support, and six concerts were successfully given. This season the series has been even more successful, and there is every reason to believe that the Symphony Orchestra will soon become a permanent one."

Operatic Husbands.—Mme. Sembrich's husband is Guillaume Stengel. He is a musician of great ability, and was well known as a pianist before he married Mme. Sembrich. Julian Story, Mme. Eames' husband, made his mark as a painter in Paris, and is still active in his profession. Mme. Schumann-Heink is married to Paul Schumann, who was an actor of some fame in Germany, and is now one of the stage managers at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mme. Nordica's husband, Herr Doehme, is a singer who has made quite a reputation for himself in leading European music centres. He may sing at Bayreuth next summer, and at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, next winter, if Manager Grau gets rid of his prejudice against having husband and wife in the same company. Herr Doehme is the handsomest operatic husband of them all. Saléza, Dippel, Edouard de Reszke (the proud father of four daughters) and Maurel are all married.

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The article, "Our Critics," that appeared in these columns some months ago, brought me many letters from all over the country, some of protest, others of commendation. A few of the latter contained clippings from rural newspapers, several of which were even more characteristic than the "criticisms" quoted in my article.

One of the best was sent by Mr. Edward B. Fleck, the well-known pianist and teacher, at present with the Conservatory of Music, in Utica, N. Y.

It is taken from a far Northwest paper, and for frankness of opinion and breeziness of style it might stand as a model of its kind.

"The Heritage-Fleck concert at the Willamette Auditorium was attended last night, in spite of a howling web-starter, by as fine a musical congregation as ever turned out to worship that art in —. It was all in high C, classical to the core. The 'Journal's' farm-horse editor could not catch on. We did help encore both Heritage and Fleck, but the music we had not the least comprehension of. We did it in hopes of an encore that would bring to the front one good American tune. But Heritage had set out to give the crowd their abdominal cavity full of classical gas, and when he gets his head set, that ends it. Nobody heard a tune the whole evening. For love nor money, not a bar of melody was allowed to slip in, not a bit of American tune got in edgeways, except the little short squirts of chin music that Heritage used, to tell his audience what he was going to sing about. That was not classical, but it was King's English, understandable, and touched the right spot in a man's think-box. If Heritage had just burst out once with a verse of 'Nancy Lee,' 'Old Black Joe,' or 'Swanee River!' To think of wasting his rich voice on a whole evening of classical music. Fleck is a thundering pianist, and we would like to hear him once in the 'Irish Washerwoman,' or 'Washington Crossing the Alps,' or something of which we could grab the tail end and hang to the melody clear through."

While the above is very humorous, it contains an undercurrent of truth, and there is hardly a doubt but that many persons in that Northwestern audience thought as did the outspoken "farm-horse editor." Not all audiences are alike.

While the season of 1898-99 is yet palpitating with life, already the visionary manager is out with his "preliminary announcements" for 1899-1900. Last week a rumor ran about town to the effect that a New York vender of music had made arrangements with Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the young Russian pianist who surprised Berlin some two years ago, for a tour of one hundred concerts in this country, beginning next October. Persistent inquiry has failed to locate the origin of the rumor, so it must be relegated back to the same source whence came the announcements last Fall that we were to hear Siloti, Georg Liebling, D'Albert, Zeldenrust, Petschnikoff, Auer, Calvé and Marteau during this Winter.

Miss Elsa von Grave, instructor at the well-known Ann Arbor Music School, recently passed through a most trying ordeal. She was booked to play the Liszt A major concerto and Schumann's "Carneval" at an orchestral concert in Detroit.

Just before going on the stage for her first number, she was stopped by the conductor, Mr. Depew—a man of less tact than his illustrious namesake—who informed her gleefully that in the audience he had seen Moriz Rosenthal and Alberto Jonas sitting side by side.

It is easy to imagine the plight of the poor pianist. For a moment she felt the traditional desire to be swallowed and masticated by a convenient opening of the earth. Realizing, however, that since the sad demise of the very late young Mr. Quintus Curtius the earth had expressed no further desire for cannibalistic pleasures, Miss von Grave collected her failing courage, went on the stage and played so exceptionally well that the two eminent pianists hurried to the artist's room after the conclusion

of the concerto and complimented her in the very highest terms. Press agent please copy.

The commercial spirit of our beloved country, and the prevalent mad scramble after dollars, has been responsible for the death of many a promising artistic conscience, but I doubt whether there ever was altogether such a sad case as that of my talented friend, Moriz Rosenthal, who came to America a great and honored pianist, and who will return to Europe as the branded advertising medium of an enterprising cigar manufacturer. And the manner of it all is so undignified, so shameless.

Here is the whole distressing story, told tersely in the Utica "Press": "There is a pianist coming to the Auditorium to-morrow night, on whose forefront is engraven the word 'Perfection.'"

Who would have thought Constantin von Sternberg, the acknowledged growler, capable of such a poetical outpouring as appeared recently in a Philadelphia paper, on the subject of Sauer's playing. He says: "I have never met with such a variety of moods in any one man, and never saw such perfect balance withal. He can be as masculine as a Rough Rider; as odd as a gnome; as lovely and cajoling as a woman; as serene as a sunset on the plains, and as raging as a storm on the seas. When he plays I have the feeling as if he, far from exhibiting his skill, were rather conversing with the composer of his work, and I want to cuddle up in my chair and let his music pour over me like the shower of fragrant May blossoms."

Great indeed must be the player who can wring such superlative praise from cynical Constantin.

LEONARD LIEBLING.

PIANO AND FORTE.

On Tuesday afternoon of last week Prof. Edward A. MacDowell gave a very successful recital at Steinert Hall, in Boston.

Sauer played to an audience of 2,347 in Baltimore recently, and his audience at Toronto was one of the largest ever gathered in the spacious Massey Hall.

Of Rosenthal's farewell recital in Boston a local paper said: "The farewell recital of Mr. Rosenthal was accompanied on Saturday afternoon by the annual mid-March snowstorm, so that the conditions were not altogether propitious. Yet the attendance at Music Hall was noticeably large, all things considered, and certainly it had an enthusiasm that no stormy weather could dampen."

Mr. William Bassett, until recently a pupil of Prof. Dr. Jedliczka, in Berlin, has settled in Providence, R. I., where he is doing exceedingly well as a teacher. Mr. Bassett played in Newark recently, and received most flattering newspaper notices. He would not be averse to settling in New York, and conservatory directors might find it advantageous to enter into negotiations with him.

A newspaper published not over one thousand miles from New York last week ended its criticism of a Rosenthal recital with a short biographical sketch, in which appeared the announcement that "Rosenthal was a pupil of Chopin, Rafael and Joseffy." This is astounding news, indeed, considering that Chopin died eleven years before Rosenthal was born, and that Rafael, the painter, died 340 years before the same important event.

Miss Florence Terrel's recent recital in Holyoke, Mass., was a brilliant artistic success, and the critics of the three local newspapers vied with one another in finding the most telling superlatives.

A Toledo paper contains this interesting passage: "Mr. Boscovitz, the only living pupil of Chopin, then played two unpublished compositions of the great master, and it is doubtful if there is a greater interpreter of Chopin in the country. His playing has captured Toledo, and his charming personality has made him a host of friends, who are proud to name him as a Toledoan."

Edward Baxter Perry, the blind pianist-lecturer, is just finishing his annual Western Winter tour. He played in Columbus, O., last week, and received the following flattering notice: "His wonderful performance would do great credit to any one having the use of all his organs of sense, and much more do they redound to the credit of the blind man."

At his recent recital in Chicago, Arthur Friedheim played Liszt's B minor sonata, the same composer's "Lucrezia Borgia" transcription, "Les Cloches de Genève," second Hungarian rhapsodie, and "Erl King" arrangement, and Chopin's B minor sonata.

Alfred Reisenauer's second recital in Berlin seems to have proved him even a greater pianist than the first, according to the German "Times." Its observant critic

says: "All the details of his enormous technic are united and made subservient to the sole object of powerfully interpreting a work and making it clear to the listener, through the strength of his own personality."

A Western scribe remarks eloquently on a most pertinent subject: "Were Godowsky endowed with a more generous-mat of hair, were he willing to pose and were he hysterically emotional, he would become a fad in a month. Standing strictly on his merits, however, he has merely won a position among the foremost pianists of the day."

"Merely" is a good word.

Henry Waller has assisted Mr. David Bispham at nearly all the latter's out-of-town recitals this winter, and the young pianist received some flattering press notices. In a recent criticism of his playing we read: "The Liszt Tarantella was most effective. His technic showed to fine advantage, the middle part being played with warmth and feeling, and the modulation being particularly well done. The audience applauded until he responded with an encore, a 'Spanish Dance,' by Schulhoff."

Orchestra Strike.—The Neddemayer Orchestra, of Columbus, O., went on strike recently at the Hight Street Theatre, refusing to play at a performance of "A Lucky Coon," under the direction of a colored leader who accompanied the show. The play was finished to music made by a colored female violinist. The manager of the theatre told the orchestra to "Take its clothes and go."

Would Have Let Siegfried Out.—A writer in the Revue Internationale de Musique, on the authority of a press correspondent who interviewed Siegfried Wagner at Munich, represents the young composer as saying that, had his father lived a few years longer, he would certainly have based a popular opera upon the two Grimm stories turned to account in "Der Bärenhäuter."

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MADELINE SCHILLER.



For Publishers' Announcements, see Page 24.

New York, April 1, 1899.

THE BOOK OF REVELATIONS.

Chapter X.—Serious Charges.

A charming contralto of national reputation is authority for the statement that a friend of hers, a singer, is suing a certain notorious musical sheet for \$600.00, which sum the lady claims was obtained from her by false pretenses.

As the matter involves the honor as well as the honesty of the musical critics of our New York daily press, and as, furthermore, this is by no means the first case of the kind that has been brought to my notice, I think it merits investigation.

It seems the lady in question was ambitious of making a successful appearance at some concert of importance in New York. She was naturally also ambitious of having favorable criticisms in the leading New York papers.

Meeting one of the numerous agents of "organized blackmail," she was told that everything could be "fixed" to her entire satisfaction, and that all she had to do was to call on the editor of the notorious musical sheet already referred to.

Believing, in the innocence of her heart, that a social visit, and, perhaps, an advertisement for a moderate amount, would secure the desired result, she called on the editor in question.

The little fat man received her with a little fat smile, as he washed his little fat hands in invisible soap and water.

She stated her case.

The little fat man assured her that the matter could be arranged—but it would cost just \$600.00, cash down.

The lady gasped, and said she thought that was a great deal of money.

"You see," replied the little fat man, "it takes a good deal of money to fix the New York musical critics. They are so greedy!"

"Well!" said the lady, "would you mind making me out a bill of particulars, so that I can see what I am paying for?"

"Oh! certainly," replied the little fat man. It shall be sent you."

According to the charming contralto who tells this story, the lady received in a plain envelope a typewritten statement, containing the names of the leading New York papers, with various amounts affixed to each.

Anxious to sing and paralyze the people in the town she came from, she scraped the \$600.00 together, and handed it over to the little fat man.

She did sing in a fairly prominent concert, and then sat up all night to get her "notices."

Alas! and alack!

Three of the dailies did not notice her at all, two just mentioned her name, two were not very complimentary, while one "roasted" her.

She was at the little fat man's office by 9 A. M., and waited for him. Presently he came, and again received her with a fat little smile, and again washed his fat little hands in invisible soap and water.

He really couldn't understand how it had happened. The only explanation he could offer was that the lady had sung so well as to make all the other artists jealous, and, as their influence was very great, they must have stopped the notices.

The lady lost her temper and demanded her money back.

The fat little man again smiled a fat little smile, but declined. He also suggested, while washing his fat little hands in invisible soap and water, that his paper was very powerful, and it might not be well to antagonize it. It might kill her career!

The lady told him to his face that he was a blackmailer. He laughed a fat little laugh! and—bowed her out. Hence the suit.

I have heard a great many similar stories, according to which large amounts have been extracted from ambitious musicians, and even from foreign artists of distinction, under the plea of "fixing" the New York musical critics.

Sometimes the goods are delivered, more often, as in the case spoken of, they are not.

Are the New York musical critics aware of the way in which their names are used?

If they are, why are they silent? The honest ones!—and there are honest ones.

The scandal is an old one. Everybody in the musical world knows about it.

Why has it not been exposed?

Partly because it is difficult to get direct evidence. Partly because those who have been "bled" are not desirous of appearing in a criminal court.

Partly because, when proceedings are commenced, the case is sure to be settled out of court.

* * *

As bearing on this matter, let me narrate the experience of a distinguished artist now in this country.

He had signed a contract with Grau. While in Vienna he was approached by a lady who informed him that he would be torn to pieces by the New York critics, who were all in the pay of his great rival.

"What can I do?" asked the artist.

Then the lady read him some letters written her by the little fat man, the editor of the certain notorious musical sheet published here in New York, in which he said he could "fix" the matter on payment of 25,000 francs (\$5,000.00).

The artist wanted to see the letters. The lady declined, but offered to bring him copies of them. He accepted the offer.

"What security have I that if I pay this money I shall be protected?"

"Oh!" said the lady, smelling blood, "I will give you a contract signed by my chief in New York. He has sent one on."

The artist said: "Bring it to me to-morrow, with the copies of the letters."

The next day the lady came, anticipating an easy victory.

The artist took the contract and the copies of the letters, and said:

"Now! madame! All I have to do is to hand you over to the police as a blackmailer!"

"For heaven's sake, don't do that!" exclaimed the lady, as she fell on her knees. "I am only a poor woman, the agent of the editor in New York! You would not be so cruel!"

"Go! madame!" said the artist. "You are free; but remember, in future, to be more careful, especially in a case where a singer has been a lawyer as well as a journalist. I do not think your people in New York will bother me much!"

They haven't. They have let the artist severely alone.

* * *

Why do not the press expose these matters?

First, because the press is not the District Attorney.

Second, because the artist is a nervous creature, who shrinks from scandal.

It has been said that James Gordon Bennett offered not long ago, in Europe, to the husband of a great prima donna, to express the whole business in the "Herald," if the husband would give up certain letters that he had received from the little fat man, demanding money.

The husband declined on the ground that he did not wish his wife mixed up in a dirty mess.

Whereupon, it is said, that James Gordon Bennett said things!

And there you are!

JOHN C. FREUND.

Krehbiel as an Animal Imitator.—Mr. Henry E. Krehbiel, the corpulent musical oracle of the New York "Tribune," is lumbering about the country again, on another of his chronic lecture tours. At Buffalo, last week, Mr. Krehbiel read about Wagner's "Die Meistersinger." He told of how Wagner interpolated a trill in the score of the opera, to represent the bleat of a goat. Then Mr. Krehbiel sang the passage. Enthusiastic applause testified to the entire success of his imitation.

TWO CHAMBER CONCERTS.

The third chamber-music matinée by the Kneisel Quartet took place last Tuesday afternoon at Mendelssohn Hall, on which occasion the popular visitors had the assistance of Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, an American composer, who has attracted not a little attention during the past few years. The programme, though infinitely less interesting than that of the second matinée, seemed to give much pleasure to the representative Kneisel Quartet audience.

Unquestionably, the interest of the audience was centred in Mrs. Beach, for she appeared not only as a pianist, but also as one of the interpreters of a new sonata for violin and piano—her latest serious production. Mrs. Beach has long since proven herself a very able musician and a composer of positive merit; but her new sonata reveals little that is new or even interesting, and gives little promise of winning a place in the repertoire of chamber-music players. Decidedly, it is unconventional; but it is to be regretted that its unconventionality is not coupled with greater originality of sterling musical worth. Mrs. Beach's possibilities as a composer are everywhere in evidence; but, at best, the sonata is fragmentary and feeble in design, and, thematically, contains nothing that can be said to be either attractive or impressive. The composer gave her work an excellent reading.

The concert opened with the B flat major quartet, op. 130, by Beethoven. The four artists were not at their best, and the result was that their performance of this beautiful work fell far below the high standard which they have established. It is useless to detail their shortcomings, but I cannot resist alluding to the very marked weaknesses that precluded the possibility of thoroughly enjoying the Beethoven quartet. The presto was taken at a tempo very hazardous to good ensemble. It was only a trifle too fast; but the increase of rapidity was quite sufficient to mar the ensemble and destroy the fine precision which it requires. The fourth movement (Alla danza tedesca) was conspicuously weak in tonal gradations, and the finale was utterly lacking in the superb finish and authority to which the Kneisel Quartet has accustomed us. Briefly, the quartet seemed fatigued and unable to do itself justice.

The concluding number of the programme—the quartet in E minor, by Smetana—is not heard very often, though it is by no means an unfamiliar work. It is not a composition that wears well. Though brightened here and there (notably in the first and third movements) by refined and delicate thought, it is, on the whole, not a quartet to command respect or admiration.

Mr. Leo Schulz, the admirable violoncellist who came from Boston last Fall, and has been very active during the whole of the present musical season, gave a trio concert at Mendelssohn Hall, last Wednesday evening, in conjunction with Messrs. Emil Paur and Leopold Lichtenberg. The audience, consisting chiefly of well-known professionals, was heartily demonstrative at every opportunity afforded it to evince pleasure.

Messrs. Paur and Schulz opened the concert with the Brahms' cello sonata, in F major, op. 99. If the performance of any one movement calls for special commendation, it is surely the Adagio. Both artists entered fully into the spirit of the work, imbuing it with refined sentiment and splendid strength. Mr. Paur's mastery over the orchestra has not led the generality of people to assume that his abilities as a performer were either pronounced or exceptional. Indeed, few of his hearers were prepared for the exposition of such skill as Mr. Paur displayed in the three numbers allotted to him. His ensemble playing is nothing less than superb. His technic is not merely good, it is of a surprisingly high order.

The trio by Volkmann, in B flat minor, op. 5, is certainly a very serious, well-wrought composition; but there is too much of it, and, in the end, it leaves one dissatisfied. The ensemble work done in the trio was, on the whole, very praiseworthy. Mr. Schulz had a number of opportunities to reveal his technical and musical gifts, and he fully confirmed the impression formed of his playing on other occasions this season.

The Beethoven Kreutzer sonata formed a fitting conclusion to the well-constructed programme. Mr. Leopold Lichtenberg was greeted most cordially by many admirers, who would fain hear him oftener than he seems disposed to appear on the concert platform. Again Mr. Lichtenberg created the impression that, despite years of inactivity, he has not lost his art. But he seemed decidedly nervous; and the results of seclusion were manifest in many ways: not merely technical, but also musical. It is a great pity that he cannot be induced to make an effort to regain his command over the instrument, and that composure, which is so essential in playing before an audience. Musically, Mr. Lichtenberg fell short of the requirements of the sonata, particularly in the second variation, which he hurried to such a degree as to rob it of its musical intent. And frequently he seriously disturbed the ensemble by undue haste. These shortcomings, however, may have been the result of a mental agitation which he seemed unable to overcome.

GEORGE LEHMANN.

LAST WEEK OF OPERA.

The immense popularity of every opera produced this season by Maurice Grau, at the Metropolitan Opera House, held out until the very end. The enthusiasm was at a high pitch during the week, but did not reach its culmination until the last two performances, on Saturday, when the audience insisted on repeated recalls of all its favorites, shouted itself hoarse with fervent "au revoirs" and "adieux," and applauded until tired hands would no more. The artists were very gracious, and showed themselves innumerable times, scattering bows and hand-kisses with prodigal generosity.

On Friday evening "Tristan" was given, with M. Jean de Reszke, as the hero; Mme. Nordica, as Isolde; M. Edouard de Reszke, as King Marke; Mme. Brema, as Brangaene, and Mr. Bispham, as Kurvenal. It was the best performance of the work given this season—or, at any rate, it seemed so. On Saturday afternoon a mammoth audience of ladies was on hand to applaud and cheer the last performance of "Faust." Mme. Eames was Marguerite; Mlle. Bauermeister was Marta; Mme. Meisslinger, Siebel; M. Saléza, Faust; Signor Campanari, Valentin; M. Meux, Wagner; and M. Plançon, Mephistopheles. The enthusiasm after the close of the opera was so demonstrative that Mme. Eames made a pretty little speech to the audience, saying that she thanked the public for its kindness to her, and that she hoped to come to America again, and do more of her best work for her own people.

"Les Huguenots" was the very last opera, on Saturday evening. The performance was brilliant in the extreme, and again called forth tumultuous acclamation. Mme. Lehmann was Valentin; M. Edouard de Reszke was Marcel; Herr Dippel, Raoul; Mme. Mantelli, the page; Mme. Suzanne Adams, Marguerite de Valois; M. Devries, St. Bris; and M. Albers, de Nevers.

The season of grand opera for 1898-1899 ended as it began, in a blaze of glory, and constituted the most successful series of operatic performances ever given by Mr. Grau, or any other manager.

OPERA IN BOSTON.

Boston, March 27, 1899.

The Maurice Grau Grand Opera Company opened its season of two weeks in this city, at the Boston Theatre, to-night, with a performance of "Lohengrin." The cast embraced Nordica, Schumann-Heink, Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Bispham and Muhlmann. Schalk conducted. The audience was large, brilliant and enthusiastic. Jean de Reszke was in splendid form, and gave a magnificent performance of Lohengrin. He still remains the greatest vocal artist among operatic tenors. Schumann-Heink as Ortrud made a pronounced success. Ed. de Reszke and Bispham were admirable in their rôles. Muhlmann was an excellent Herold, and Nordica sang the music of Elsa satisfactorily, if she failed in the dramatic demands of the part. The orchestra is of good material; but Conductor Schalk allowed it too loose a rein as regards noise. Otherwise he directed well.

Van Dyck appears to-morrow night as Tannhäuser. His fame has preceded him, and his début in Boston is awaited with anticipated pleasure. The large subscription sale bespeaks a financial success for Mr. Grau.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

SUZANNE ADAMS' SUCCESS.

[Special to MUSICAL AMERICA.]

Boston, March 29, 1899.

Suzanne Adams made a great hit as Juliet to-night. She is a Boston girl and that was part of the cause of the enthusiasm with which she was received. Her success was genuine—no end of curtain calls. P.

Daly's New Musical Piece.—A cable despatch to the New York "Sun" says that: "Sir Arthur Sullivan and Owen Hall have accepted a commission from Augustin Daly to compose and write a musical comedy for production in New York in the Autumn. Adrian Ross will write the lyrics. It is said that the scene will be laid in Egypt."

Rosenthal Denies It.—Mr. Moriz Rosenthal writes me from Binghamton, N. Y., to deny the story that he addressed the audience at Syracuse, N. Y., and complained of its small size when he gave a recital there. Mr. Rosenthal's word is good. At the same time it may interest him to know that an account of his speech appeared in a Syracuse paper the following morning.

Tribute to Soprano.—Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop, the well-known New York soprano, numbers among her musical treasures an "édition de luxe" copy, bound in Russian leather, of a beautiful ballad, entitled "In Springtime," written especially for her by Otto Cantor, of London, and presented to her with the compliments of the American publishers. She is to make this song one of the features of her repertoire, and will sing it first at a concert of the Manuscript Society.

INTERNATIONAL BAND CONCERT.

British and American Bands Please an Appreciative Audience Which Fills the Seventh's Armory.

The nine thousand people who came to the Seventh Regiment Armory last Saturday night to hear the international military band concert by Lieut. Dan Godfrey's British Guards' Band, the pipe band of the Fifth Royal Scots' regimental band, of Canada, and the Seventh Regiment Band will not soon forget the grand spectacle that they witnessed.

At 8.15 sharp, the Seventh Regiment Band, escorting the British band, headed by the drum and fife corps, entered the large drill-room.



DAN GODFREY.

Behind them came Lieut. Dan Godfrey and Sergeant Neyer. The crowd rose in a body and cheered them to the echo. This demonstration lasted until both bands had stationed themselves upon the platform, only to be repeated when the Seventh Regiment Band played "God Save the Queen," and Godfrey's band played "The Star-Spangled Banner."

An elaborate programme was made up from the works of Rossini, Wagner, Rubinstein, Tschaiakowsky, Liszt and others.

One of the features of the concert was a nautical fantasia, entitled "England and America," arranged by Dan Godfrey, which presented a battle-ship's voyage from Portsmouth Harbor to New York. It began with the weighing of the anchor, traversed an Atlantic storm, and included "Dixie" and "Yankee Doodle" on the approach to Sandy Hook, a salute to the American Admiral's flag; the "Red, White and Blue" and "Rule, Britannia" to end with. At its conclusion the band played the "Star-Spangled Banner," and the audience rose and stood while they played, after that, "God Save the Queen." The reception given to Dan Godfrey will long be remembered by him. On leaving New York he carries with him the satisfaction of knowing that he has the hearty good will and warm appreciation of all lovers of military music here.

W. A. COREY.

GODFREY AT THE ACADEMY.

The following night a crowded house greeted Lieut. Dan Godfrey, of the British Guards' Band, at the Academy of Music, and the appearance of the conductor was the signal for a storm of applause. The programme, which was very interesting, opened with the full band playing "The Star-Spangled Banner," standing, followed by the "William Tell," overture; Mr. Campbell, bassoon; Mr. Benton, oboe, and Mr. Redfern, flute. The second number was devoted to selections from "Faust," with solo for the cornet by Mr. Kettlewell; clarinet, Mr. Hughes, and euphonium, Mr. Evans. Mr. Redfern's flute solo, which was the third number on the programme, was enthusiastically received. The Morris, Torch, and Shepherd's dances composed especially for the play "Henry VIII," which was performed at the Lyceum Theatre, in London, with three pretty sketches, was remarkably well played by the band. Mr. Kettlewell, who can be classified among the great soloists of the world, gave a beautiful rendition of the "Children's Home," by Cowen. The first number of the programme closed with full band in Von Blon's "Under the Banner of Victory."

The second number of the programme was to have opened with selections from "Mignon," but, instead, selections from the "Belle of New York" were given in the most creditable manner. Mr. Green's rendition of a piccolo solo from Le Thiere's "Sylvia" was enthusiastically received.

Mr. Von Blon was down for another number, "Under Freedom's Flag," but Sousa occupied this number instead. For the tenth number Mr. Byrne gave selections on the xylophone, instead of a series of humorous sketches

on the drum. The programme closed with a nautical fantasia, "England-America," arranged by the Lieutenant, which we heard here last Summer, in which he scored such a tremendous success.

The band then closed the programme, standing, with a rendition of "God Save the Queen" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." It was one of the most enthusiastic audiences that ever greeted a band in New York in a long time, and Lieut. Godfrey may well feel proud of his reception.

Varied Fortunes.—Parisian journals and musicians are pleased that Gailhard, after managing the opera for twelve years, has been made an officer of the Legion of Honor. Our own late Abbey, after managing opera for the same length of time, was made a bankrupt.

Louisville Festival.—The directors of the Music Festival have about finished their arrangements for the Music Festival. They can announce positively the engagement of Sembrich, Campanari, Jacoby, Williams, Ben Davies and other stars sufficient to make the Louisville festival one of the musical events of the season.

Bispham in Newark.—On Thursday evening, March 25, Mr. David Bispham gave a song-recital in Newark, under the able direction of Mr. Howard E. Potter, a welcome newcomer in the managerial field. Mr. Bispham was in fine voice, and sang twenty songs. The house was crowded, and recalls and encores were plentiful.

Young Wagner in Vienna.—Siegfried Wagner's opera, "Der Bärenhäuter" was produced in Vienna on March 27. The work was received with enthusiasm, the composer being recalled after each act and presented with wreaths. The Vienna critics were rather cool, and in addition to disparaging the music, they expressed a doubt as to whether the success of the opera will be lasting.

Sunday Night Concert.—Last Sunday night's concert at the Metropolitan Opera House marked the farewell appearances of Mmes. Sembrich and Mantelli, and M. Salignac, Meynheer Van Rooy and Mr. Bispham. The popular singers were encored repeatedly, and the public gave them an enthusiastic "au revoir" that was as genuine as it was spontaneous.

Emerson Recital.—Miss Alena G. Emerson, a soprano, gave a song-recital on March 20 at Christian Science Hall, New York, assisted by Mr. Charles Russell, violoncellist. The singer has a sweet, powerful and well-trained voice, which has a tendency to hoarseness, however, on the high notes. Perhaps she was indisposed on that evening. The cellist exhibited talent, but has not yet shaken off the perfunctoriness of the student.

Conservatory Concert.—Says a Detroit paper: "At the recent afternoon concert of the Detroit Conservatory of Music Mrs. Norton's talented pupil, Miss Virginia Nina Eastman, gave a delightful rendering of J. H. Hahn's concert waltz, "Springtime." She also sang "Rosary," by Nevin, and "Ecstasy," by Mrs. Beach. Mrs. Florence Boyle, violinist, played in a delightful manner the Scene de Ballet, by de Beriot. Others who appeared with credit were Miss Oleane Doty, Miss Lucy Atkinson and Miss Jessie Henkel, pupils of Miss Andrus."

Scherhey Concert.—The concert given by Mr. M. I. Scherhey's pupils, for the benefit of the Passaic (N. J.) General Hospital, was a great artistic and financial success, the participants receiving much applause, and the hospital about six hundred dollars. Those who took part were Mr. Rolf de Brandt-Rantzau, Miss Martha Wettenge, Miss Emma von Pilat, Mrs. Louise Scherhey, Mrs. Pattison, Dr. Otto Jacob and Miss Joella Holdsworth. Mr. Scherhey is to be congratulated on the performances of his pupils, notably those of Dr. Otto Jacob and Mrs. Scherhey, who exhibited the confidence and finish of experienced artists.

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MUSICAL CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, March 28, 1899.

Charley's troupe of French operatic artists has been a revelation to Chicago.

In the first place, a clear demonstration has been made that a troupe, fully equipped, with soloists, orchestra, chorus and ballet, can give grand operas equal to the best productions, at popular prices.

The work of the Charley company was great. Mr. Grau and Mr. Ellis would be greatly surprised—no, astonished, to see opera equal to their best efforts at half the price.

The singing and acting of Mme. Fierens, Mme. Berges, Messrs. Gilbert, Gauthier, Bouxman and other principals, deserve unstinted praise. Fierens is a great dramatic soprano, and Gauthier is the equal of Tamagno as a tenor. It is a matter of regret that the season did not last three weeks instead of one.

The weakest part of the Charley Company is the orchestra; but, augmented as it was by local musicians, it was not displeasing. High-priced grand opera has received a hard blow in Chicago, and it has been shown that it is not always the high-priced artists who give the best results.

There was plenty of opera in town last week. Besides the grand opera, two new comic ones held the boards: Jeff de Angelis, with the "Jolly Musketeer," at the Columbia, and Francis Wilson, with the "Little Corporal," at the Grand Opera House. In one particular these two are much alike. Their success depends entirely upon the antics of a clownish "comedian" with no more voice than a horse. It is a burning shame to call the productions of such stars opera.

Emil Liebling will give a recital in Kimball Hall March 30, and for the principal number Schumann's trio in D minor, op. 63, will have the assistance of Jan Van Oordt, violin, and Franz Wagner, 'cellist. He could not have selected two more capable artists than Van Oordt and Wagner, yet with charming candor he announces that the number will be thoroughly rehearsed previous to the public performance.

Mr. Liebling's programme also makes a few remarks on the "hot shot" order against the generally used "programme book, or music with a diagram," which are pointed and highly edifying. He says the composer very likely wrote without bothering much, and it is useless for the listener to worry over the probable mental disturbance that induced it. Mr. Liebling is quite right, but there are a few uncharitable, unconverted, who will say: "Why don't he practice what he preaches?" Notwithstanding, he may reply: "Don't do as I do, but do as I tell you!"

At the twentieth concert of the Chicago Orchestra, Lady Hallé was the soloist, playing the Mendelssohn concerto for violin. Her performance was characterized by comprehensive insight. Technically, as well as intellectually, Lady Hallé gave the concerto a complete and satisfying exposition. The orchestral numbers were Cherubini's "Anacreon" overture; "Little Suite," op. 22, by Bizet, and Tchaikowsky's "Manfred" symphony.

The Banda Rossa played a concert at the Grand Opera House last Sunday afternoon and evening. The most noteworthy change in the band is that they have gotten rid of their old, antique horns and trumpets, and are equipped with a set of modern American instruments made by C. G. Conn.

The musical critic of the "Daily News" says: "La Favorita is a Verdi opera." This will no doubt surprise the old maestro greatly.

PHILIP J. MEAHL.

Sagacious Sousa.—John Philip Sousa remarked recently: "When a musician has gone through all the old masters and then comes to write something himself, it becomes a matter solely of memory and conscience." So we see, John Philip.

Wagner and 13.—Richard Wagner is said to have been affected in a superstitious way by the figure 13. Note the 13 letters in his name. He was born in 1813—1 plus 8 plus 1 plus 3 equal 13—and at the age of 13 the bent of his taste and diligence was displayed by his translation of the first 12 books of the Odyssey. Of his 13 chief works, "Tannhäuser" was completed on August 13, 1845, and was performed on March 13, 1861. He left Bayreuth on September 13, 1861, and died at Venice on February 13, 1883.

MUSICAL SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 22, 1899.

The Melba opera season of two weeks in the rehabilitated Grand Opera House has proved a great success. It opened with "Faust," which was given under considerable disadvantage; but the performances have gone on constantly improving and increasing the enthusiasm with which they are received.

Last week we had also "La Bohème," "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria," "Carmen," "Aida" and "The Barber." This week began with "The Huguenots," followed by "La Bohème," "Aida," "Romeo," "Carmen," and the double bill for the matinée of "Lucia" and "Pagliacci." Melba sang three times the first week, and appears four times this week. When she appeared the houses have been crowded. At the off nights the business, though smaller, has been good. Mme. Gadski's great merit has been duly recognized and her reception most hearty. This great German singer, though not being afforded an opportunity to sing in German opera, now being given, has gone into the Italian rôles with great success; all the more surprising, as they are new to her. She sang Valentine in "The Huguenots" on the 20th for the first time, and made a hit, especially in the big duos. This opera has often been sung here, but never with so fine a cast as it had on Monday last. Melba's Queen Marguerite was specially interesting from the fine opportunity it presents for her bel canto. No better exhibition of it has been given during the season. "The Huguenots" drew the biggest house, probably because of its great cast, containing Melba, Gadski and De Lussan. The latter had not much to do beside her big song, "Nobil, Signor," as the other things were cut. She looked handsome enough to make up for the omissions. She has appealed most strongly to popular acclaim by her Carmen, which is so pronounced an embodiment of tawny, tiger-like feminine devilry that it would almost move the feelings of a grosser image to awesome aversion. The witchery of such fascination as Carmen exerts over the poor young soldier José is quite strong enough to make him desert an army position, even though he thereby escape the wearing of something less irksome than red overalls half-soleo with black cambric, as does the Spanish troupe to which he belongs.

It seems customary since poor old Remenyi dropped dead at the Orpheum last year to kill off every great or prominent musical celebrity that visits us.

Sousa's death was telegraphed East while he was here the other day, causing him some solicitude regarding his family's receipt of the news and the expense of sending telegraphic denials.

Now Melba has been the victim of newspaper enterprise. She dined with the De Youngs on Sunday, and having sat down too emphatically upon a divan, precipitated a bronze statuette from its pedestal against her head, where it produced a lump and disturbed her post-prandial serenity. This was seized upon by the Monday evening papers to make a "scare head," and the newsboys shouted her death so enterprisingly that the opera-goers did not hope to see her in "The Huguenots" that night. She was there, however, none the worse for the incident.

The Ellis Company goes hence to Los Angeles for a couple of nights, and from there to Salt Lake. This is the second time within a year that we have seen them, and as the Opera House is now available, they are likely to return again ere very long. The orchestra is the finest one we ever had in opera here. It has been universally admired and commented upon.

Mme. Fabbri-Muller, a veteran opera singer and local teacher, has inaugurated a series of subscription concerts in Native Sons' Hall. The first was given last Sunday evening. She has a formidable list of subscribers, and many prominent artists are implicated in the programme. Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt, one of Rosenthal's classmates with Liszt, played at the first concert. His technical skill is regarded to be unequalled in this part of the world and seldom surpassed anywhere. He has been identified with his art in California for about forty years. I've known him over thirty myself. His pupils must be innumerable.

H. M. BOSWORTH.

Striking Performance.—At the Musicales—"I can't see any music in that selection."

"I can't, either; but if there is any, he's going to bring it out or break the piano."—Chicago "Tribune."

MUSICAL PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, March 26, 1899.

Sauer has been here and inspired the term, "A prince in the royal line of musicians." I believe that is something more than being a mere pianist. His concert was the greatest success in the line of piano recitals since the palmy days of Paderewski, and had an audience just twice the size of that which first greeted the celebrated Pole here. Of course he is wanted again, and that immediately. The piano world is in ecstasy over him, especially that part which is comprised from the realms of femininity. His local manager here has forwarded twelve missives, addressed in well-printed characters, to him, and no one knows how many reached him before he left. He was a great success with all classes, and the critics wrote in unqualified terms about him.

He appealed to me in many ways. Personally the man is a curiosity. Effeminate in face, indifferent in attire, but perfectly posed in all the punctilliae of life, he lives for his art and in it. That is apparent in everything he does. He has the gift of genius, and the intention which only makes genius distinct. He has acquired all the capacities which his virile qualities enable him to exercise with fluency and in his best manhood. I consider him to be now at his prime. At no time in his life can his physical equipment be in such touch with his artistic ability. Time may mellow his work, but it cannot inform his genius to greatly reinforce it, except at the cost of other energies.

Preceding the Sauer concert by a day or two, we had the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its final concert of the season, under the direction of Wilhelm Gericke, but it seemed to be a case of the orchestra directing the conductor, especially during that wonderful score, Strauss' "Tone-poem." In attack and phrase the band was in advance of the beat, and the disturbing sensation this produced injured an appreciation of the music. Teresa Carreño was the soloist, and played MacDowell's concerto No. 2, in D minor. Her success was pronounced.

The Kneisel Quartet gave its last chamber concert of the season this afternoon. Tchaikowsky's quartet in E flat minor and the Bach concerto for violoncello in C major, with Alwin Schroeder, were the novelties. The concerts of this association this year have been by far the most superior instrumental feasts we have enjoyed. The programmes have been uniformly superior, while three of those given by its parent organization were nothing but stupid in their arrangement.

An agitation is now on to close the season with the production of "Tristan and Isolde," with the Metropolitan cast and forces, on April 20. For this Mr. Grau foregoes the complimentary dinner which was to be tendered him on that date; but he says that if there is work for his artists to do, no personal consideration of his will interfere with them.

THOMSON.

Blauvelt Successes.—Lillian Blauvelt, our gifted American soprano, has lately won enthusiastic praise in Cologne, Vienna, Frankfort and Berlin.

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MUSICAL BOSTON.

BOSTON, March 25, 1899.

Mr. Edward MacDowell gave a piano recital at Steinert Hall on the afternoon of March 21. He played a fantasia in D, by Mozart; Les trois mains, Rameau; impromptu, Schubert; Amourette, op. 1, Edgar Thorn; and Midsummer Night's Dream, op. 36, No. 4, Templeton Strong. Besides these pieces he played a number of his own compositions, including his "Eroica" sonata, No. 2, and the Largo of his "Tragic" sonata.

This unconventional programme, and the masterly manner in which it was interpreted, made the occasion one of marked interest. The exhilaration excited through such characteristic display of an art renders the delight of the critical listener complete. A gratifying feature of the occasion was the fact that the hall was crowded by a delighted and enthusiastic audience that paid for its seats, a rare instance in the giving of piano recitals in this city.

Mr. Emil Sauer's recital at Music Hall last Friday afternoon was his farewell appearance in Boston for this season. He played Beethoven's sonata, op. 31, No. 1, with more beauty and elegance than with that breadth and depth of emotion that one should expect from a pianist of his exalted attributes. The dazzling brilliancy and astounding facility of his technical display was never more in evidence than upon this occasion, his Chopin playing being of a most rare and exquisite description.

The predominant spirituality of this marvellous player's nature has upon his every appearance happily prevailed in rendering his efforts entirely within the bounds of a refined musical performance. His appearance here in future will be welcomed with delight by all lovers of legitimate pianistic art. On this occasion he played to a large audience.

Mrs. Blanche Marchesi gave her farewell recital in this city at Music Hall last Saturday afternoon. There is nothing more to be said of her performance than has already appeared in these columns. The effect upon vocal art of such demonstrations as are observed in her efforts must necessarily be one of evil. Mr. Woolf, in the Boston "Herald," accurately gauges Marchesi's exhibitions when he writes: "Her singing is a valuable object lesson to all students of the art, regarding almost everything that it is desirable for them to avoid."

Mr. Philip Hale, in the Boston "Journal," while recognizing her characteristic performances, remarks: "She either is ignorant of certain fundamental principles of the vocal art, or she wilfully, disdainfully ignores them." He pronounces her performances "full of danger to indiscriminating young singers, who hear and observe her successes with a still more indiscriminating public. As a singer pure and simple she is an object lesson in things that should be avoided." And there you are, my dear student.

Mr. Philip Hale, in his editorial comments in the "Musical Record" for March, speaks of Pauline Carrissa, and asks, "Was her name Pauline?" Yes, my dear Philip, it was Pauline; but her name was Carnissa, not Carrissa.

Mr. Hale also speaks of Mr. John S. Dwight as playing the flute when he was at Harvard College. The fact is, it was not the flute, but the clarinet that Papa Dwight struggled with. And what is worse, it was a yellow one also.

He didn't succeed with this unruly member of the orchestral family any better than he did with his other attempts in the divine art of music.

As regards his giving lessons on the piano at Brook Farm, I'm afraid it is a fairy story; for, unless I have been misinformed, his duties at this Arcadian retreat consisted principally in the task of washing dishes, and in playing the part of Jesus Christ in the sacred dramas.

John Sullivan Dwight was ordained as minister in the Unitarian faith in Northampton, Mass., after graduating from the Divinity School at Harvard; but his career as a man of God was a short one, for he made a failure, also, in his ecclesiastical undertaking.

A devout, but discriminating old lady of the congregation at Northampton summed up the efforts of the Rev. John Sullivan as a preacher "who could get along passably well with his sermons, but one whom it pestered mightily to pray."

Mr. Dwight's value in the musical history of Boston consists mostly in the record of current events that exists in his "Journal of Music."

As a critic in the true sense of the word, he was without distinction. It has been claimed that he was, so to speak, but the nominal editor of his paper; its voice being that of Otto Dresel, a good musician, but an arrogant, prejudiced and uncivil man.

Of course, the cause of good music was advocated in the paper, but it must exist within the radius from Bach to Robt. Franz.

I remember very well when young John K. Paine came home from his studies in Germany, the pride of old Haupt's heart, a splendid musician and a great organ player, a reputation that he enjoyed in Germany, how impossible it was for him to gain recognition from this

Dresel-Dwight combination that ruled the musical affairs of Boston.

Theodore Thomas, the musical missionary of this country, was the Messiah that came to deliver the cause of the true art from these Herodian partisans that obstructed its progress, and kept without the gates every aspiring candidate whose ambition and ability would serve in enlightening and broadening the field of musical advancement.

Mr. Dwight was a good man, but he was obstinate, limited and indolent.

Mr. Oliver Ditson told me that Mr. Dwight was the laziest man he ever knew.

Way back in those early days everything in music in Boston must be German in order to obtain recognition. It is very much so to-day in Boston—but of that we will speak another time.

When the doctors disagree, as below, what is the poor layman to do in his search for the true light? There seems to be quite an extended space between these estimates of our critical brothers, something akin to the relative position of the North and South poles, regarding the merits of Mr. Hugo Heinz:

"He (Mr. Heinz) has a smooth and pleasing baritone voice, decided musical feeling, artistic intelligence, and a frank and attractive style. The impression he made on his audience was very favorable."
B. E. WOOLF.

"Mr. Heinz is a young man who has evidently studied singing in Germany. He forms and expels his tones by what the Germans call their method; that is to say, by any other than the German standard, he sings absolutely badly and wrong. His mezzo voice is throaty, and he has no vibrato; like other countrymen of his we have heard here, when he tries to sing forte, he bellows. * * * But he has much, well nigh everything, to learn before he can call himself an artist."
W. F. APTHORP.

My old and esteemed friend, Ben Woolf, in the columns of a contemporary, seeks to be facetious upon the subject of musical criticism; but it is easy enough to discover that the real cause of his disturbance is his jealousy of my superior ability as a bicyclist, and my fascinating appearance upon the wheel. I have heard that he was once seen being held on a wheel, but failing to catch the rhythm of the movement, gave it up as a bad job. Now, my dear Benjamin, you should not have become so easily discouraged. The price we all had to pay was patience, perseverance and "barked" shins. My friend, let your motto be, "Try, try, try again!" You may yet become my most dangerous rival. I shall take the precaution to go into training at once. Then, if we should meet upon the boulevards, may the best man win. Or, as our confrère, "Billy" Apthorp, would put it, "Palmar qui meruit ferat."

Mr. W. J. Henderson, the eminent critic of the New York "Times," is to give in Steinert Hall three lectures upon French, German and English songs, respectively, upon the afternoons of April 12, 19 and 26. Mrs. Grenville Snelling, soprano, of New York, will illustrate with songs Mr. Henderson's remarks.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

De Wolf Hopper on Composers.—The elongated comedian is a very close observer, and this is what he has to say about some well-known American composers: "John Philip Sousa is as diffident and shy as a maid—flinches at the test to win or lose it all. I insisted that he should brave the tempest with me on the first nights of 'El Capitan' and 'The Charlatan.' He obeyed, reluctantly, finding a secure hiding place in the rear of a box or else back of the stage. Victor Herbert is in the same category. The only two American composers that seem to have any nerve and force are Julian Edwards and Ludwig Englander. They have become so daring that they grasp the baton and lead the charge on an opening night of one of their works. The composer should really be compelled to face the music—whether it be good or bad. I admit that it's a trying ordeal, but just think of the comedian—he has to sing it!"

Critics Criticised.—At a recent meeting of some of the prominent Rochester musicians, Forest Cheney read an interesting paper on the requirements of a music critic. He said: "A great critic must be endowed with that quality of talent called taste, which enables him to see the effect of things. His realm is the receptive and perceptive, not the conceptive or creative. He is a man of talent, not genius. He is an observer, not a performer. He must be thoroughly acquainted with the various schools of music, not only through theoretic study, but by association and experience. He must be a good reader of human nature; possessed of a combination of the psychic and practical. Artistic he must be, but not necessarily a great artist. He must be well balanced, and able to measure the value of musical production of performance, both from the artistic and practical standpoint." Very neatly put, Mr. Cheney, but do you know our prominent critics?

MUSICAL CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, March 26, 1899.

With last night's concert the fifth season of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra was brought to a close. No symphony was on the programme of the last concert. Wagner, Richard Strauss, Leoncavallo and Berlioz were represented. The soloist, Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, was suffering from a severe cold and sang with considerable effort. The monologue of Hans Sachs, "Wie duftet doch der Flieder," from "Die Meistersinger," lacked poetical expression. Much better were Wagner's "The Two Grenadiers" and the prologue to "Pagliacci."

The work of the orchestra was uneven, as usual. The prelude to "Lohengrin" was quite enjoyable, but the prelude to "Die Meistersinger" was unsatisfactory in every respect. Of the three Berlioz numbers, the "Waltz of the Sylphs" and the "Will-o'-the-Wisps" minuet were charmingly given; the third, the famous "Rakoczy March," was exasperatingly tame and spiritless. After the last number the conductor, Mr. Van der Stucken, was twice recalled; but there was no enthusiasm in the demonstration.

Immediately after the concert Mr. Van der Stucken left the city for New York, whence, on Tuesday, he will sail for Germany on the Lloyd steamer, "Kaiser Friedrich III." He will return toward the latter part of May and begin at once with the rehearsals for the American composers' concerts, to be given here during the meeting of the annual convention of the N. M. T. A.

The differences between the music committee of the Jubilee Saengerfest Board and the local Musicians' Union in regard to the festival orchestra are in a fair way of being amicably settled. The committee has decided to avoid a boycott of the festival by promising to engage the entire symphony orchestra for the occasion and to complete the orchestra by the addition of competent musicians from other cities. Even that does not seem to satisfy the local musicians, and they demand that every one of the ninety-three men enumerated upon the list submitted by the union be employed, and only the rest brought here from outside. It is more than probable that the committee will compromise upon any terms the union may see fit to demand, rather than take chances on the doubtful outcome of a rumpus with the local musicians.

A highly enjoyable evening of modern sonatas for violin and piano was given last Wednesday evening by Mr. Frederick Shailer Evans, pianist, and Signor Pier Adolfo Tirindelli, violinist, both connected with the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. Excellent renditions were given of the sonata in F minor, opus 67, by Heinrich Hofmann; the D minor sonata, opus 75, by Camille Saint-Saëns, and the F major sonata, opus 8, by Edvard Grieg. The ensemble work of the two artists showed high finish and was well received by the large audience.

ERNEST WELLECK.



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